EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED:

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M.D.

AND

MRS. BARBAULD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

ELEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND R. HUNTER, SUCCESSOR TO J. JOHNSON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

1816.

T. Bensley and Son,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SIXTH VOLUME.

	Page
The Compound-flowered Plants	1
Great Men - - - -	10
Order and Disorder, a Fairy Tale	19
The Four Sisters - - -	30
The Power of Habit - -	39
Wise Men - - - -	48
The Bullies - - - -	57
A Friend in Need - - -	61
Master and Slave - - -	81
Earth and her Children - -	88
Providence, or the Shipwreck -	93
Envy and Emulation - -	106
The Hog and other Animals -	113

Page.

The Birth-Day Gift - - 118
A Globe Lecture - - - 123
The Gain of a Loss - - 145
Epilogue - - - - 152

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

THE COMPOUND FLOWERED PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

George. HARRY, can you blow off all these dandelion feathers at a blast?

Harry. I will try.

G. See—you have left almost half of them.

H. Can you do better?

G. Yes—look here.

H. There are still several left.

Tutor. A pretty child's play you have got there. Bring me one of the dandelion heads, and let us see if we can make no other use of it.

H. Here is a very full one.

T. Do you know what these feathers, as you call them, are?

G. I believe they belong to the seed.

T. They do, and they are worth examining. Look at this single one through my magnifying glass; you observe the seed at the bottom, like the point of a dart. From it springs a slender hairy shaft, crowned by a very elegant spreading plume. You see it is a complete arrow of nature's manufacture.

G. How exact!

H. What a beautiful thing!

T. I am sure you see the use of it at once.

G. It is to set the seeds a flying with the wind.

H. And I suppose they sow themselves where they light.

T. They do. This is one of nature's contrivances for *dissemination*, or that scattering of the seeds of plants which makes them reach all the places, proper for their growth. I dare say you have observed other plants fur-

nished with the same winged or feathered seeds.

H. O yes—there are groundsel, and ragwort, and thistles.

G. In a windy day I have seen the air all full of thistle down.

T. Very likely; and for that reason you never saw a new made bank of earth, or a heap of dung in the fields, but it was presently covered with thistles. These, and the other plants that have been named, belong to a very extensive class, which it is worth while being acquainted with. They are called *the compound flowered plants.*

G. Will you be so good as to give us a lecture about them?

T. With all my heart. Get me a dandelion in flower, a thistle head, and a daisy—if you cannot find a common daisy, one of the great ox-eye daisies in the corn will do as well.

G. and *H.* Here they are.

T. Very well. All these are *compound flowers;* for if you will examine them narrowly, you will perceive that they consist of a number of little flowers, or *florets,* enclosed in a common cup, which cup is made of a number of scales lying on each other like tiles of a house.

G. I see it.

T. The florets are not all alike in shape. In the dandelion you will observe that they consist of a tube, from which, at its upper end, proceeds a sort of strap-shaped tongue or fillet: in the thistle they are tubular or funnel-shaped throughout: in the daisy the centre ones which form the *disk,* as it is called, are tubular, while those in the circumference have a broad strap on one side, which altogether compose the *rays* of the flowers; whence this sort are called *radiated.* Now take the glass and examine the florets singly. Can you discern their chives and pointals?

G. I can.

T. You may remark that there are five chives to each, the tips of which unite into a tube, through which the pointal passes, having its summit doubled and curled back.

H. I can just make it out with the glass, but hardly with the naked eye.

T. It is from this circumstance of the tips of the chives growing together that Linnæus has taken his distinction of the whole class; and he has named it *Syngenesia,* from two Greek words having that signification. You will further observe that all these florets stand upon a stool or receptacle at the bottom of the flower, which is the cushion left on the dandelion stalk after the seeds are blown away. Into this the seeds are slightly stuck, which are one apiece to every perfect or fertile floret. This is the general structure of the compound flowers.

H. Are all their seeds feathered?

T. Not all. These of the daisy are not. But in a great many species they are.

H. I should have thought these were a very useful class of plants by the pains nature has taken to spread them, if you had not told us that thistles, and ragwort, and groundsel, were some of them.

T. And if you do not confine your idea of usefulness to what is serviceable to man, but extend it to the whole creation, you may safely conclude from their abundance that they must be highly useful in the general economy of nature. In fact no plants feed a greater number of insects, and none are more important to the small birds, to whom they furnish food by their seeds, and a fine warm down for lining their nests. On the approach of winter you may see whole flocks of linnets and goldfinches pecking among the this-

tles; and you know that groundsel is a favourite treat to birds in a cage. To man, however, they are for the most part troublesome and unsightly weeds. Burdock, thistles, and yarrow, overrun his hedge banks; dandelion, and hawk-weed, which much resembles it, fill his meadows; the tall and branching rag-wort, and blue succory, cumber his pastures; and wild chamomile, ox eye, and corn marygold, choke up his corn-fields. These plants in general have a bitter nauseous taste, so that no cattle will touch them. Daisies, I believe, are the chief exception.

G. But some of them, I suppose, are useful to man?

T. Yes, several, and in various ways. Some that have milky bitter juices are employed in medicine for purifying the blood and removing obstructions. Of these are dandelion, succory, and sow-thistle. Many others are bitter and

strongly aromatic; as chamomile, wormwood, southernwood, feverfew, and tansy; these are good for strengthening the stomach and expelling worms. That capital ingredient in salad, lettuce, is of this class, and so is endive. Artichoke forms a very singular article of diet, for the part chiefly eaten, called the bottom, is the receptacle of the flower, upon which the choke, or seeds with their feathers, is placed. It is said that some of the larger species of thistles may be drest and eaten the same way. Then there is Jerusalem artichoke, which is the root of a species of sun-flower, and when boiled, much resembles in taste an artichoke bottom. On the whole, however, a very small proportion of this class of plants is used in food.

G. Are there no garden flowers belonging to them?

T. Several; especially of the au-

tumnal ones. There are sun-flowers of various kinds, which are the largest flowers the garden produces, though not the most sightly; marygolds both the common, and the French and African, asters, china-asters, golden-rod and crysanthemums. Very few flowers of this class have an agreeable scent, and their shape is not the most pleasing; but they have often gay colours, and make a figure in the garden, when other things are over. Well—this is most that I recollect worth noticing of the compound flowered plants. They are a difficult class to make out botanically, though pretty easily known from each other by sight. I will take care to point out to you the principal of them that we meet with in our walks, and you must get acquainted with them.

GREAT MEN.

I WILL show you a *great man*, said *Mr. C.* one day to his son, at the time the Duke of Bridgewater's canal was making. He accordingly took him to a place where a number of workmen were employed in raising a prodigious mound, on the top of which the canal was to be carried across a deep valley. In the midst of them was a very plain dressed man, awkward in his gestures, uncouth in his appearance, and rather heavy in his countenance—in short, a mere countryman like the rest. He had a plan in his hand, and was giving directions to the people round him, and surveying the whole labour with profound attention. This, *Arthur*, said *Mr. C.* is the *great Mr. Brindley.*

What, cried *Arthur* in surprise, is that a *great man?*

Mr. C. Yes, a very great man. Why are you surprised?

A. I don't know, but I should have expected a great man to have looked very differently.

Mr. C. It matters little how a man looks, if he can perform great things. That person, without any advantages of education, has become, by the force of his own genius, the first engineer of the age. He is doing things that were never done or even thought of in this country before. He pierces hills, makes bridges over valleys, aqueducts across navigable rivers, and in short is likely to change the whole face of the country, and to introduce improvements the value of whieh cannot be caculated. When at a loss how to bring about any of his designs, he does not go to other people for assistance, but he consults the wonderful faculties of his own mind, and finds a way to overcome his diffi-

culties. He looks like a rustic it is true, but he has a soul of the first order, such as is not granted to one out of millions of the human race.

A. But are all men of extraordinary abilities, properly *great men?*

Mr. C. The word has been variously used; but I would call every one a great man *who does great things by means of his own powers.* Great abilities are often employed about trifles, or indolently wasted without any considerable exertion at all. To make a great man, the object pursued should be large and important, and vigour and perseverance should be employed in the pursuit.

A. All the great men I remember to have read about, were kings, or generals, or prime-ministers, or in some high station or other.

Mr. C. It is natural they should stand foremost in the list of great men, because the sphere in which they act is an

extensive one, and what they do has a powerful influence over numbers of mankind. Yet those that invent useful arts, or discover important truths which may promote the comfort and happiness of unborn generations in the most distant parts of the world, act a still more important part; and their claim to merit is generally more undoubted than that of the former, because what they do is more certainly their own.

In order to estimate the real share a man in a high station has had in the great events which have been attributed to him, strip him in your imagination of all the external advantages of rank and power, and see what a figure he would have made without them; or fancy a common man put in his place, and judge whether affairs would have gone on in the same track. Augustus Cæsar, and Lewis the XIVth of France, have both been called great

princes; but deprive them of their crown, and they will both dwindle into obscure and trivial characters. But no change of circumstances could reduce Alfred the Great to the level of a common man. The two former could sink into their graves, and yield their power to a successor, and scarcely be missed; but Alfred's death changed the fate of his kingdom. Thus with Epaminondas fell all the glory and greatness of the Theban state. He first raised it to consequence, and it could not survive him.

A. Was not Czar Peter a great man?

Mr. C. I am not sure he deserves that title. Being a despotic prince, at the head of a vast empire, he could put into execution whatever plans he was led to adopt, and these plans in general were grand and beneficial to his country. But the means he used were such as the master of the lives and fortunes

of millions could easily employ, and there was more of brutal force than of skill and judgment in the manner in which he pursued his designs. Still he was an *extraordinary* man; and the resolution of leaving his throne, in order to acquire in foreign countries the knowledge necessary to rescue his own from barbarism, was a feature of greatness. A truly great prince, however, would have employed himself better than in learning to build boats at Sardam.

A. What was Alexander the Great?

Mr. C. A great conqueror, but not a great man. It was easy for him, with the well-disciplined army of Greeks, which he received from his father Philip, to overrun the unwarlike kingdoms of Asia, and defeat the Great King, as the King of Persia was called; but though he showed some marks of an elevated mind, he seems to have

possessed few qualities which could have raised him to distinction had he been born in an humble station. Compare his fugitive grandeur, supported by able ministers and generals, to the power which his tutor the great Aristotle, merely through the force of his own genius, exercised over men's minds throughout the most civilized part of the world for two thousand years after his death. Compare also the part which has been acted in the world by the Spanish monarchs, the masters of immense possessions in Europe and America, to that by Christopher Columbus, the Genoese navigator, who could have it inscribed on his tomb-stone, that he *gave* a new world to the kingdom of Castile and Arragon. These comparisons will teach you to distinguish between greatness of character and greatness of station, which are too often confounded. He who governs a great country may in one sense be called a

great king; but this is no more than an appellation belonging to rank, like that of the Great Mogul, or the Grand Seignor, and infers no more personal grandeur than the title of Mr. Such a one, the Great Grocer or Great Brewer.

A. Must not great men be good men, too?

Mr. C. If that man is great who does great things, it will not follow that goodness must necessarily be one of his qualities, since that chiefly refers to the end and intentions of actions. Julius Cæsar, and Cromwell, for example, were men capable of the greatest exploits; but directing them not to the public good, but to the purposes of their own ambition, in pursuit of which they violated all the duties of morality, they have obtained the title of *great bad men.* A person however cannot be great at all without possessing many virtues. He must be firm,

steady and diligent, superior to difficulties and dangers, and equally superior to the allurements of ease and pleasure. For want of these moral qualities, many persons of exalted minds and great talents have failed to deserve the title of great men. It is in vain that the French poets and historians have decorated Henry the Fourth with the name of Great; his facility of disposition and uncontrollable love of pleasure have caused him to forfeit his claim to it in the estimation of impartial judges. As power is essential to greatness, a man cannot be great without *power over himself*, which is the highest kind of power.

A. After all, is it not better to be a good man than a great one?

Mr. C. There is more merit in being a good man, because it is what we make ourselves, whereas the talents that produce greatness are the gift of nature;

though they may be improved by our own efforts, they cannot be acquired. But if goodness is the proper object of our love and esteem, greatness deserves our high admiration and respect. This Mr. Brindley before us is by all accounts a worthy man, but it is not for this reason I have brought you to see him. I wish you to look upon him as one of those sublime and uncommon objects of nature, which fill the mind with a certain awe and astonishment. Next to being great oneself, it is desirable to have a true relish for greatness.

ORDER AND DISORDER.

A FAIRY TALE.

Juliet was a clever well-disposed girl, but apt to be heedless. She could learn her lessons very well, but commonly as much time was taken up in

getting her things together, as in doing what she was set about. If she was to work, there was generally the housewife to seek in one place, and the thread-papers in another. The scissars were left in her pocket up stairs, and the thimble was rolling about the floor. In writing, the copy-book was generally missing, the ink dried up, and the pens, new and old, all tumbled about the cupboard. The slate and slate pencil were never found together. In making her exercises, the English dictionary always came to hand instead of the French grammar; and when she was to read a chapter, she usually got hold of Robinson Crusoe, or the World Displayed, instead of the Testament.

Juliet's mamma was almost tired of teaching her, so she sent her to make a visit to an old lady in the country, a very good woman, but rather strict with young folks. Here she was shut up in a room above stairs by herself after

breakfast every day, till she had quite finished the tasks set her. This house was one of the very few that are still haunted by fairies. One of these, whose name was *Disorder*, took a pleasure in plaguing poor Juliet. She was a frightful figure to look at, being crooked and squint-eyed, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dress put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters. She prevailed on the old lady to let her set Juliet her tasks; so one morning she came up with a work-bag full of threads of silk of all sorts of colours, mixed and entangled together, and a flower very nicely worked to copy. It was a pansie, and the gradual melting of its hues into one another was imitated with great accuracy and beauty. "Here, Miss, said she, "my mistress has sent you a piece of work to do, and she insists upon having it done before you come down to dinner.

You will find all the materials in this bag."

Juliet took the flower and the bag, and turned out all the silks upon the table. She slowly pulled out a red and a purple, and a blue, and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin working with, after taking two or three stitches, and looking at her model, she found another shade was wanted. This was to be hunted out from the bunch, and a long while it took her to find it. It was soon necessary to change it for another. Juliet saw that in going on at this rate it would take days instead of hours to work the flower, so she laid down the needle and fell a crying. After this had continued some time, she was startled at the sound of somewhat stamping on the floor; and taking her handkerchief from her eyes, she spied a diminutive female figure advancing towards her. She was as up-

right as an arrow, and had not so much as a hair out of its place, or the least article of her dress rumpled or discomposed. When she came up to Juliet, "My dear," said she, "I heard you crying, and knowing you to be a good girl in the main, I am come to your assistance. My name is *Order*; your mamma is well acquainted with me, though this is the first time you ever saw me. But I hope we shall know one another better for the future." She then jumped upon the table, and with a wand gave a tap upon the heap of entangled silk. Immediately the threads separated, and arranged themselves in a long row consisting of little skeins in which all of the same colour were collected together, those approaching nearest in shade being placed next each other. This done, she disappeared. Juliet, as soon as her surprise was over, resumed her work, and found it go on with ease and pleasure.

She finished the flower by dinner-time, and obtained great praise for the neatness of the execution.

The next day the ill-natured fairy came up with a great book under her arm. "This," said she, "is my mistress's house-book, and she says you must draw out against dinner an exact account of what it has cost her last year in all the articles of housekeeping, including clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You must state separately the amount of every article under the heads of baker, butcher, milliner, shoemaker, and so forth, taking special care not to miss a single thing entered down in the book. Here is a quire of paper, and a parcel of pens." So saying, with a malicious grin she left her.

Juliet turned pale at the very thought of the task she had to perform. She opened the great book and saw all the pages closely written, but in the most

confused manner possible. Here was "Paid Mr. Crusty for a week's bread and baking so much." Then, "Paid Mr. Pinchtoe for shoes, so much."—"Paid half a year's rent, so much." Then came a butcher's bill, succeeded by a milliner's, and that by a tallow-chandler's "What shall I do?" cried poor Juliet—"where am I to begin, and how can I possibly pick out all these things? Was ever such a tedious perplexing task? O that my good little creature were here again with her wand!"

She had but just uttered these words when the fairy *Order* stood before her. "Don't be startled, my dear," said she; I knew your wish, and made haste to comply with it. Let me see your book." She turned over a few leaves, and then cried, "I see my cross-grained sister has played you a trick. She has brought you the *day-book* instead of the *ledger*; but I will set the matter to rights instant

ly." She vanished, and presently returned with another book, in which she showed Juliet every one of the articles required, standing at the tops of the pages, and all the particulars entered under them from the day-book; so that there was nothing for her to do but cast up the sums, and copy out the heads with their amount in single lines. As Juliet was a ready accountant, she was not long in finishing the business, and produced her account neatly written on one sheet of paper, at dinner.

The next day, Juliet's tormentor brought her up a large box full of letters stamped upon small bits of ivory, capitals and common letters of all sorts, but jumbled together promiscuously as if they had been shaken in a bag. "Now, Miss," said she, "before you come down to dinner, you must exactly copy out this poem in these ivory letters, placing them line by line, on the floor of your room."

Juliet thought at first that this task would be pretty sport enough; but when she set about it, she found such trouble in hunting out the letters she wanted, every one seeming to come to hand before the right one, that she proceeded very slowly; and the poem being a long one, it was plain that night would come before it was finished. Sitting down, and crying for her kind friend, was therefore her only resource.

Order was not far distant, for, indeed, she had been watching her proceedings all the while. She made herself visible, and giving a tap on the letters with her wand, they immediately arranged themselves alphabetically in little double heaps, the small in one, and the great in the other. After this operation, Juliet's task went on with such expedition that she called up the old lady an hour before dinner, to be witness to its completion.

The good lady kissed her, and told her, that as she hoped she was now made fully sensible of the benefits of order, and the inconveniences of disorder, she would not confine her any longer to work by herself at set tasks, but she should come and sit with her. Juliet took such pains to please her by doing every thing with the greatest neatness and regularity, and reforming all her careless habits, that when she was sent back to her mother, the following presents were made her, constantly to remind her of the beauty and advantage of order.

A cabinet of English coins, in which all the gold and silver money of our kings was arranged in the order of their reigns.

A set of plaster casts of the Roman emperors.

A cabinet of beautiful shells, displayed according to the most approved system.

A very complete box of water colours, and another of crayons, sorted in all the shades of the primary colours.

And a very nice housewife, with all the implements belonging to a sempstress, and a good store of the best needles in sizes.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

I am one of four sisters; and having some reason to think myself not well used either by them or by the world, I beg leave to lay before you a sketch of our history and characters. You will not wonder there should be frequent bickerings amongst us, when I tell you that in our infancy we were continually fighting; and so great was the noise, and din, and confusion, in our continual struggles to get uppermost, that it was impossible for any body to live amongst us in such a scene of tumult and disorder.—These brawls, however, by a powerful interposition, were put an end to; our proper place was assigned to each of us, and we had strict orders not to encroach on the

limits of each other's property, but to join our common offices for the good of the whole family.

My first sister (I call her the first, because we have generally allowed her the precedence in rank) is, I must acknowledge, of a very active sprightly disposition; quick and lively, and has more brilliancy than any of us; but she is hot: every thing serves for fuel to her fury when it is once raised to a certain degree, and she is so mischievous whenever she gets the upper hand, that notwithstanding her aspiring disposition, if I may freely speak my mind, she is calculated to make a good servant, but a very bad mistress.

I am almost ashamed to mention, that notwithstanding her seeming delicacy, she has a most voracious appetite, and devours every thing that comes in her way; though, like other eager thin people, sho does no credit to her keep-

ing. Many a time has she consumed the product of my barns and storehouses, but it is all lost upon her. She has even been known to get into an oil-shop or tallow-chandler's when every body was asleep, and lick up with the utmost greediness whatever she found there. Indeed, all prudent people are aware of her tricks, and though she is admitted into the best families, they take care to watch her very narrowly. I should not forget to mention, that my sister was once in a country where she was treated with uncommon respect; she was lodged in a sumptuous building, and had a number of young women of the best families to attend on her, and feed her, and watch over her health: in short, she was looked upon as something more than a common mortal. But she always behaved with great severity to her maids, and if any of them were negligent of their duty, or made a slip

in their own conduct, nothing would serve her but burying the poor girls alive. I have myself had some dark hints and intimations from the most respectable authority, that she will some time or other make an end of me. You neednot wonder, therefore, if I am jealous of her motions.

The next sister I shall mention to you has so far the appearance of modesty and humility, that she generally seeks the lowest place. She is indeed of a very yielding easy temper, generally cool, and often wears a sweet placid smile upon her countenance; but she is easily ruffled, and when worked up, as she often is, by another sister, whom I shall mention to you by and by, she becomes a perfect fury. Indeed she is so apt to swell with sudden gusts of passion, that she is suspected at times to be a little lunatic. Between her and my first-mentioned sister, there is a more

settled antipathy than between the Theban pair; and they never meet without making efforts to destroy one another. With me she is always ready to form the most intimate union, but it is not always to my advantage. There goes a story in our family, that when we were all young, she once attempted to drown me. She actually kept me under a considerable time, and though at length I got my head above water, my constitution is generally thought to have been essentially injured by it ever since. From that time she has made no such atrocious attempt, but she is continually making encroachments upon my property, and even when she appears most gentle, she is very insidious, and has such an undermining way with her, that her insinuating arts are as much to be dreaded as open violence. I might indeed remonstrate, but it is a known part of her character, that

nothing makes any lasting impression upon her.

As to my third sister, I have already mentioned the ill office she does me with my last-mentioned one, who is entirely under her influence. She is besides of a very uncertain variable temper, sometimes hot and sometimes cold, nobody knows where to have her. Her lightness is even proverbial, and she has nothing to give those who live with her, more substantial than the smiles of courtiers. I must add, that she keeps in her service three or four rough blustering bullies, with puffed cheeks, who, when they are let loose, think they have nothing to do but to drive the world before them. She sometimes joins with my first sister, and their violence occasionally throws me into such a trembling, that, though naturally of a firm constitution, I shake as if I was in an ague fit.

As to myself, I am of a steady solid temper; not shining indeed, but kind and liberal, quite a Lady Bountiful. Every one tastes of my beneficence, and I am of so grateful a disposition, that I have been known to return a hundred fold for any present that has been made me. I feed and clothe all my children, and afford a welcome home to the wretch who has no other home. I bear with unrepining patience all manner of ill usage; I am trampled upon, I am torn and wounded with the most cutting strokes; I am pillaged of the treasures hidden in my most secret chambers; notwithstanding which, I am always ready to return good for evil, and am continually subservient to the pleasure or advantage of others; yet, so ungrateful is the world, that because I do not possess all the airiness and activity of my sisters, I am stigmatised as dull and heavy. Every sordid miserly fellow is

called by way of derision one of my children; and if a person on entering a room does but turn his eyes upon me, he is thought stupid and mean, and not fit for good company. I have the satisfaction, however, of finding that people always incline towards me as they grow older; and that those who seemed proudly to disdain any affinity with me, are content to sink at last into my bosom. You will probably wish to have some account of my person. I am not a regular beauty; some of my features are rather harsh and prominent, when viewed separately; but my countenance has so much variety of expression, and so many different attitudes of elegance, that those who study my face with attention, find out continually new charms; and it may be truly said of me, what Titus says of his mistress, and for a much longer space.

Pendant cinq ans entires tous les jours de la vois,
Et crois toujours la voir pour la premiere fois.

For five whole years each day she meets my view,
Yet every day I seem to see her new.

Though I have been so long a mother, I have still a surprising air of youth and freshness, which is assisted by all the advantages of well chosen ornament, for I dress well, and according to the season.

This is what I have to say chiefly of myself and my sisters. To a person of your sagacity it will be unnecessary for me to sign my name. Indeed, one who becomes acquainted with any one of the family, cannot be at a loss to discover the rest, notwithstanding the difference in our features and characters.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

WILLIAM was one day reading in a book of travels to his father, when he came to the following relation.

"The Andes in South America are the highest ridge of mountains in the known world. There is a road over them, on which, about half way between the summit and the foot, is a house of entertainment, where it is common for travellers in their ascent and descent to meet. The difference in their feelings upon the same spot is very remarkable. Those who are descending the mountain are melting with heat, so that they can scarcely bear any clothes upon them; while those who are ascending, shiver with cold, and wrap themselves up in the warmest garments they have."

How strange this is! (cried William) What can be the reason of it?

It is (replied his father) a striking instance of the *power of habit* over the body. The cold is so intense on the top of these mountains, that it is as much as travellers can do to keep themselves from being frozen to death. Their bodies, therefore, become so habituated to the sensation of cold, that every diminution of it as they descend seems to them a degree of actual heat; and when they are got half way down, they feel as if they were quite in a sultry climate. On the other hand, the valleys at the foot of the mountains are so excessively hot, that the body becomes relaxed, and sensible to the slightest degree of cold; so that when a traveller ascends from them towards the hills, the middle regions appear quite inclement from their coldness.

And does the same thing (rejoined William) always happen in crossing high mountains?

It does (returned his father) in a degree proportioned to their height, and the time taken in crossing them. Indeed a short time is sufficient to produce similar effects. Let one boy have been playing at rolling snowballs, and another have been roasting himself before a great fire, and let them meet in the porch of the house;—if you ask them how they feel, I will answer for it you will find them as different in their accounts as the travellers on the Andes. But this is only one example of the operation of an universal principle belonging to human nature; for the power of habit is the same thing whatever be the circumstance which calls it forth, whether relating to the mind or the body.

You may consider the story you have been reading, as a sort of simile or parable. The central station on the mountain may be resembled to *middle life.* With what different feelings is this re-

garded by those who bask in the sunshine of opulence, and those who shrink under the cold blast of penury.

Suppose the wealthy duke, our neighbour, were suddenly obliged to descend to our level, and live as we do—to part with all his carriages, sell his coach horses, and hunters, quit his noble seat with its fine park and gardens, dismiss all his train of servants except two or three, aud take a house like ours; what a dreadful fall it would seem to him! how wretched it would probably make him, and how much would he be pitied by the world!

On the other hand, suppose the labourer who lives in the next cottage were unexpectedly to fall heir to an estate of a few hundreds a year, and in consequence to get around him all the comforts and conveniences that we possess—a commodious house to inhabit, good clothes to wear, plenty of whole-

some food and firing, servants to do all the drudgery of the family, and the like;—how all his acquaintance would congratulate him, and what a Paradise would he seem to himself to be got into! Yet he, and the duke, and ourselves, are equally *men*, made liable by nature to the same desires and necessities, and perhaps all equally strong in constitution, and equally capable of supporting hardships. Is not this fully as wonderful a difference in feeling, as that on crossing the Andes?

Indeed it is (said William).

And the cause of it must be exactly the same—the influence of habit.

I think so.

Of what importance then must it be towards a happy life, to regulate our habits so, that in the possible changes of this world we may be more likely to be gainers than losers!

But how can this be done? Would

it be right for the duke to live with us, or us like the labourer?

Certainly not. But to apply the case to persons of our middle condition, I would have us use our advantages in such a frugal manner, as to make them as little as possible essential to our happiness, should fortune sink us to a lower station. For as to the chance of rising to a higher, there is no need to prepare our habit for that—we should readily enough accommodate our feelings to such a change. To be pleased and satisfied with simple food, to accustom ourselves not to shrink from the inclemencies of the seasons, to avoid indolence, and take delight in some useful employment of the mind or body, to do as much as we can for ouselves, and not expect to be waited upon on every small occasion—these are the habits which will make us in some measure independent of fortune, and secure us

a moderate degree of enjoyment under every change short of absolute want. I will tell you a story to this purpose.

A London merchant had two sons, James and Richard. James from a boy accustomed himself to every indulgence in his power, and when he grew up, was quite a fine gentleman. He dressed expensively, frequented public diversions, kept his hunter at a livery stable, and was a member of several convivial clubs. At home it was almost a footman's sole business to wait on him. He would have thought it greatly beneath him to buckle his own shoes; and if he wanted any thing at the other end of the room, he would ring the bell, and bring a servant up two pair of stairs, rather than rise from his chair to fetch it. He did a little business in the counting-house on forenoons, but devoted all his time after dinner to indolence and amusement.

Richard was a very different character. He was plain in his appearance, and domestic in his way of life. He gave as little trouble as possible, and would have been ashamed to ask assistance in doing what he could easily do for himself. He was assiduous in business, and employed his leisure hours chiefly in reading and acquiring useful knowledge.

Both were still young and unsettled when their father died, leaving behind him a very trifling property. As the young men had not a capital sufficient to follow the same line of mercantile business in which he had been engaged, they were obliged to look out for a new plan of maintenance; and a great reduction of expense was the first thing requisite. This was a severe stroke to James, who found himself at once cut off from all the pleasures and indulgences to which he was so habi-

tuated, that he thought life of no value without them. He grew melancholy and dejected, hazarded all his little property in lottery tickets, and was quite beggared. Still unable to think of retrieving himself by industry and frugality, he accepted a commission in a new raised regiment ordered for the West Indies, where soon after his arrival he caught a fever and died.

Richard in the mean time, whose comforts were little impaired by this change of situation, preserved his cheerfulness, and found no difficulty in accommodating himself to his fortune. He engaged himself as clerk in a house his father had been connected with, and lived as frugally as possible upon his salary. It furnished him with decent board, lodging, and clothing, which was all he required, and his hours of leisure were nearly as many as before. A book or a sober friend

always sufficed to procure him an agreeable evening. He gradually rose in the confidence of his employers, who increased from time to time his salary and emoluments. Every increase was a source of gratification to him, because he was able to enjoy pleasures which, however, habit had not made necessary to his comfort. In process of time he was enabled to settle for himself, and passed through life in the enjoyment of that modest competence which best suited his disposition.

WISE MEN.

You may remember, *Arthur* (said *Mr. C.* to his son) that some time ago, I endeavoured to give you a notion what a *great man* was. Suppose we now talk a little about *wise men?*

With all my heart, Sir, (replied *Arthur.*)

Mr. C. A wise man, then, is *he who pursues the best ends by the properest means.* But as this definition may be rather too abstract to give you a clear comprehension of the thing, I shall open it to you by examples. What do you think is the best end a man can pursue in life?

A. I suppose to make himself happy.

Mr. C. True. And as we are so constituted that we cannot be happy ourselves without making others happy, the best end of living is to produce as much general happiness as lies in our power.

A. But that is *goodness* is it not?

Mr. C. It is; and therefore wisdom includes goodness. The wise man always intends what is good, and employs skill or judgment in attaining it. If he were to pursue the best things

weakly, he could not be wise; any more than if he were to pursue bad or indifferent things judiciously. One of the wisest men I know is our neighbour, Mr. Freeland.

A. What, the justice?

Mr. C. Yes. Few men have succeeded more perfectly in securing their own happiness, and promoting that of those around them. Born to a competent estate, he early settled upon it, and began to improve it. He reduced all his expenses within his income, and indulged no tastes that could lead him into excesses of any kind. At the same time he did not refuse any proper and innocent pleasures that came in his way; and his house has always been distinguished for decent cheerfulness and hospitality. He applied himself with diligence to mending the morals, and improving the condition of his dependents. He studied attentively the

laws of his country, and qualified himself for administering justice with skill and fidelity. No one sooner discovers where the right lies, or takes surer means to enforce it. He is the person to whom the neighbours of all degrees apply for counsel in their difficulties. His conduct is always consistent and uniform—never violent, never rash, never in extremes, but always deliberating before he acts, and then acting with firmness and vigour. The peace and good order of the whole neighbourhood materially depend upon him; and upon every emergency his opinion is the first thing inquired after. He enjoys the respect of the rich, the confidence of the poor, and the good-will of both.

A. But I have heard some people reckon old Harpy as wise a man as he.

Mr. C. It is a great abuse of words to call Harpy a wise man. He is of

another species—a *cunning man*—who is to a wise man what an ape is to a human creature—a bad and contemptible resemblance.

A. He is very clever, though; is he not?

Mr. C. Harpy has a good natural understanding, a clear head and a cool temper; but his only end in life has been to raise a fortune by base and dishonest means. Being thoroughly acquainted with all the tricks and artifices of the law, he employed his knowledge to take undue advantages of all who entrusted him with the management of their affairs; and under colour of assisting them, he contrived to get possession of all their property. Thus he has become extremely rich, lives in a great house with a number of servants, is even visited by persons of rank, yet is universally detested and despised, and has not a friend in the

world. He is conscious of this, and is wretched. Suspicion and remorse continually prey upon his mind. Of all whom he has cheated, he has deceived himself the most; and has proved himself as much a fool in the end he has pursued, as a knave in the means.

A. Are not men of great learning and knowledge wise men?

Mr. C. They are so, if that knowledge and learning are employed to make them happier and more useful. But it too often happens that their speculations are of a kind neither beneficial to themselves nor to others; and they often neglect to regulate their tempers while they improve their understandings. Some men of great learning have been the most arrogant and quarrelsome of mortals, and as foolish and absurd in their conduct, as the most untaught of their species.

A. But are not a philosopher and a wise man the same thing?

Mr. C. A philosopher is properly *a lover of wisdom;* and if he searches after it with a right disposition, he will probably find it oftener than other men. But he must practise as well as know, in order to be truly wise.

A. I have read of the seven wise men of Greece. What were they?

Mr. C. They were men distinguished for their knowledge and talents, and some of them for their virtue too. But a wiser than them all was Socrates, whose chief praise it was that he turned philosophy from vain and fruitless disputation to the regulation of life and manners, and that he was himself a great example of the wisdom he taught.

A. Have we had any person lately very remarkable for wisdom?

Mr. C. In my opinion few wiser men have ever existed than the late Dr. Franklin, the American. From the low station of journeyman printer, to the elevated one of ambassador plenipotentiary from his country to the court of France, he always distinguished himself by sagacity in discovering, and good sense in practising, what was most beneficial to himself and others. He was a great natural philosopher, and made some very brilliant discoveries; but it was ever his favourite purpose to turn every thing to use, and to extract some practical advantage from his speculations. He thoroughly understood *common life*, and all that conduces to its comfort; and he has left behind him treasures of domestic wisdom, superior, perhaps, to any of the boasted maxims of antiquity. He never let slip any opportunity of improving his knowledge, whether of great things or of small;

and was equally ready to converse with a day-labourer and a prime minister upon topics from which he might derive instruction. He rose to wealth, but obtained by honourable means.—He prolonged his life by temperance to a great age, and enjoyed it to the last. Few men knew more than he, and none employed knowledge to better purposes.

A. A man, then, I suppose, cannot be wise without knowing a great deal.

Mr. C. If he knows every thing belonging to his station, it is wisdom enough; and a peasant may be as truly wise in his place as a statesman or legislator. You remember that fable of Gay, in which a shepherd gives lessons of wisdom to a philosopher.

A. O yes—it begins

Remote from cities lived a swain.

Mr. C. True. He is represented as

drawing all his maxims of conduct from observation of brute animals. And they, indeed, have universally that character of wisdom, of pursuing the ends best suited to them by the properest means. But this is owing to the impulse of unerring instinct. Man has reason for his guide, and his wisdom can only be the consequence of the right use of his reason. This will lead him to virtue. Thus the fable we have been mentioning rightly concludes with

> Thy fame is just, the sage replies,
> Thy *virtue* proves thee *truly wise.*

THE BULLIES.

As young Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them

with looks of the utmost fury, snarling and barking as if they would tear their throats, and seeming every moment ready to fly upon them. Francis every now and then stopped and shook his stick at them, or stooped down to pick up a stone, upon which the curs retreated as fast as they came; but as soon as he turned about, they were after his heels again. This lasted till they came to a farm-yard through which their road lay. A large mastiff was lying down in it at his ease in the sun. Francis was almost afraid to pass him, and kept as close to his tutor as possible. However, the dog took not the least notice of them.

Presently they came upon a common, where going near a flock of geese, they were assailed with hissings, and pursued some way by these foolish birds, which, stretching out their long necks, made a very ridiculous figure.

Francis only laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremost a switch across his neck. A little further was a herd of cows with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with some degree of apprehension; but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he passed.

It is a lucky thing, said Francis to his tutor, that mastiffs and bulls are not so quarrelsome as curs and geese; but what can be the reason of it?

The reason (replied his tutor) is, that paltry and contemptible animals, possessing no confidence in their own strength and courage, and knowing themselves liable to injury from most of those that come in their way, think it safer to take the part of bullies, and to make a show of attacking those of whom in reality they are afraid. Whereas animals which are conscious

of force sufficient for their own protection, suspecting no evil designs from others, entertain none themselves, but maintain a dignified composure.

Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters are suspicious, snarling, and petulant. They raise an outcry against their superiors in talents and reputation, of whom they stand in awe, and put on airs of defiance and insolence through mere cowardice. But the truly great are calm and inoffensive. They fear no injury, and offer none. They even suffer slight attacks to go unnoticed, conscious of their power to right themselves whenever the occasion shall seem to require it.

TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

George Cornish, a native of London, was brought up to the sea. After making several voyages to the East Indies in the capacity of mate, he obtained the command of a ship in the country trade there, and passed many years of his life in sailing from one port to another of the Company's different settlements, and residing at intervals on shore with the superintendants of their commercial concerns. Having by these means raised a moderate fortune, and being now beyond the meridian of life, he felt a strong desire of returning to his native country, and seeing his family

and friends, concerning whom he had received no tidings for a long time. He realized his property, settled his affairs, and taking his passage for England, arrived in the Downs after an absence of sixteen years.

He immediately repaired to London, and went to the house of an only brother whom he had left possessed of a genteel place in a public office. He found that his brother was dead, and the family broken up; and he was directed to the house of one of his nieces, who was married and settled at a small distance from town. On making himself known he was received with great respect and affection by the married niece, and a single sister who resided with her; to which good reception, the idea of his bringing back with him a large fortune did not a little contribute. They pressed him in the most urgent manner to take up his abode there, and omitted no-

thing that could testify their dutiful regard to so near a relation. On his part, he was sincerely glad to see them, and presented them with some valuable Indian commodities which he had brought with him. They soon fell into conversation concerning the family events that had taken place during his long absence. Mutual condolences passed on the death of the father; the mother had been dead long before. The captain, in the warmth of his heart, declared his intention of befriending the survivors of the family, and his wishes of seeing the second sister as comfortably settled in the world as the first seemed to be.

"But (said he) are you two the only ones left? What is become of my little smiling playfellow *Amelia?* I remember her as if it were yesterday, coming behind my chair, and giving me a sly pull, and then running away that I might follow her for a kiss. I

should be sorry if any thing had happened to her." "Alas, Sir (said the eldest niece), she has been the cause of an infinite deal of trouble to her friends! She was always a giddy girl, and her misconduct has proved her ruin. It would be happy if we could all forget her!" "What then (said the uncle) has she dishonoured herself? Poor creature!" "I cannot say (replied the niece), that she has done so in the worst sense of the word; but she has disgraced herself and her family by a hasty foolish match with one beneath her, and it has ended, as might have been expected, in poverty and wretchedness." "I am glad (returned the captain) that it is no worse, for though I much disapprove of improper matches, yet young girls may fall into still greater evils, and where there is no crime, there can be no irreparable disgrace. But who was the man, and what did my brother say to it?"

"Why, Sir, I cannot say but it was partly my father's own fault; for he took a sort of liking to the young man, who was a drawing-master employed in the family, and would not forbid him the house, after we had informed him of the danger of an attachment between Amelia and him. So, when it was too late, he fell into a violent passion about it, which had no other effect than to drive the girl directly into her lover's arms. They married and soon fell into difficulties. My father of course would do nothing for them; and when he died, he not only disinherited her, but made us promise no longer to look upon her as a sister." "And you *did* make that promise?" said the captain, in a tone of surprise and displeasure. "We could not disobey our parent (replied the other sister); but we have several times sent her relief in her necessities, though it was improper for us to see her!"

"And pray what has become of her at last—where is she now?" "Really, she and her husband have shifted their lodgings so often, that it is some time since we heard any thing about them." "Some time! how long?" "Perhaps half a year or more." "Poor outcast! (cried the captain, in a sort of muttered half-voice) *I* have made no promise, however, to renounce thee. Be pleased, madam (he continued, addressing himself gravely to the married niece), to favour me with the last direction you had to this unfortunate sister." She blushed and looked confused; and at length, after a good deal of searching, presented it to her uncle. "But, my dear Sir (said she), you will not think of leaving us to-day. My servant shall make all the inquiries you choose, and save you the trouble; and to-morrow you can ride to town, and do as you think proper." "My good niece (said

the captain), I am but an indifferent sleeper, and I am afraid things would run in my head and keep me awake. Besides, I am naturally impatient and love to do my business myself. You will excuse me." So saying he took up his hat, and without much ceremony went out of the house, and took the road to town on foot, leaving his two nieces somewhat disconcerted.

When he arrived, he went without delay to the place mentioned, which was a by-street near Soho. The people who kept the lodgings informed him, that the persons he inquired after had left them several months, and they did not know what was become of them. This threw the captain into great perplexity; but while he was considering what he should do next, the woman of the house recollected that Mr. Bland (that was the drawing master's name) had been employed at a certain school,

where information about him might possibly be obtained. Captain Cornish hastened away to the place, and was informed by the master of the school that such a man had, indeed, been engaged there, but had ceased to attend for some time past. "He was a very well-behaved industrious young man (added the master), but in distressed circumstances, which prevented him from making that genteel appearance which we expect in all who attend our school; so I was obliged to dismiss him. It was a great force upon my *feelings*, I assure you, Sir, to do so; but you know the thing could not be helped." The captain eyed him with indignant contempt, and said, "I suppose then, Sir, your *feelings* never suffered you to inquire where this poor creature lodged, or what became of him afterwards?" "As to that (replied the master,) every man knows his own business best, and my

time is fully taken up with my own concerns; but I believe I have a note of the lodgings he then occupied—here it is." The captain took it, and turning on his heel, withdrew in silence.

He posted away to the place, but there too had the mortification of learning that he was too late. The people however told him that they believed he might find the family he was seeking, in a neighbouring alley, at a lodging up three pair of stairs. The captain's heart sunk within him; however, taking a boy as a guide, he proceeded immediately to the spot. On going up the narrow creaking staircase, he met a man coming down with a bed on his shoulders. At the top of the landing stood another with a bundle of blankets, and sheets. A woman with a child in her arms was expostulating with him, and he heard her exclaim, "Cruel! not to leave me *one* bed for

myself and my poor children!" "Stop (said the captain to the man), set down those things." The man hesitated. The captain renewed his command in a peremptory tone; and then advanced towards the woman. They looked earnestly at each other. Through her pale and emaciated features he saw something of his little smiler; and at length, in a faint voice he addressed, "Are you Amelia Cornish?" "That *was* my name," she replied. "I am your uncle," he cried, clasping her in his arms, and sobbing as if his heart would break. "My uncle!" said she, and fainted. He was just able to set her down on the only remaining chair, and take her child from her. Two other young children came running up, and began to scream with terror. Amelia recovered herself. "Oh, Sir, what a situation you see me in!" "A situation, indeed! (said he) Poor

forsaken creature! but you have *one* friend left!"

He then asked what was become of her husband. She told him, that having fatigued himself with walking every day to a great distance for a little employment, that scarcely afforded them bread, he had fallen ill, and was now in an hospital, and that after having been obliged to sell most of their little furniture and clothes for present subsistence, their landlord had just seized their only remaining bed for some arrears of rent. The captain immediately discharged the debt, and causing the bed to be brought up again, dismissed the man. He then entered into a conversation with his niece about the events that had befallen her. "Alas! Sir (said she), I am sensible I was greatly to blame in disobeying my father, and leaving his roof as I did; but perhaps something might be alledged in my excuse—at least, years of

calamity and distress may be an expiation. As to my husband, however, he has never given me the least cause of complaint—he has ever been kind and good, and what we have suffered has been through misfortune and not fault. To be sure, when we married, we did not know how a family was to be maintained. His was a poor employment, and sickness and other accidents soon brought us to a state of poverty, from which we could never retrieve ourselves. He, poor man! was never idle when he could help it, and denied himself every indulgence in order to provide for the wants of me and the children. I did my part too as well as I was able. But my father's unrelenting severity made me quite heart-broken; and though my sisters two or three times gave us a little relief in our pressing necessities—for nothing else could have made me ask in the

manner I did—yet they would never permit me to see them, and for some time past have entirely abandoned us. I thought Heaven had abandoned us too. The hour of extremest distress was come; but you have been sent for our comfort." "And your comfort, please God! I will be," cried the captain with energy. You are my own dear child, and your little ones shall be mine too. Dry up your tears—better days, I hope, are approaching."

Evening was now coming on, and it was too late to think of changing lodgings. The captain procured a neighbour to go out for some provisions and other necessaries, and then took his leave, with a promise of being with his niece early the next morning. Indeed, as he proposed going to pay a visit to her husband, she was far from wishing to detain him longer. He went directly thence to the hospital, and

having got access to the apothecary, begged to be informed of the real state of his patient Bland. The apothecary told him that he laboured under a slow fever, attended with extreme dejection of spirits, but that there were no signs of urgent danger. "If you will allow me to see him (said the captain) I believe I shall be able to administer a cordial more effectual, perhaps, than all your medicines." He was shown up to the ward where the poor man lay, and, seated by his bed side: "Mr. Bland (said he), I am a stranger to you, but I come to bring you some news of your family." The sick man roused himself, as it were, from a stupor, and fixed his eyes in silence on the captain. He proceeded—"Perhaps you may have heard of an uncle that your wife had in the East Indies—he is come home, and—and—I am he." Upon this he eagerly stretched out his hand,

and taking that of Bland, which was thrust out of the bedclothes to meet it, gave it a cordial shake. The sick man's eyes glistened—he grasped the captain's hand with all his remaining strength, and drawing it to his mouth, kissed it with fervour. All he could say was, "God bless you!—be kind to poor Amelia!" "I will—I will—(cried the captain) I will be a father to you all—Cheer up—keep up your spirits—all will be well?" He then, with a kind look and another shake of the hand, wished him a good night, and left the poor man lightened at once of half his disease.

The captain went home to the coffee-house where he lodged, got a light supper, and went early to bed. After meditating some time with heartfelt satisfaction on the work of the day, he fell into a sweet sleep, which lasted till day-break. The next morning early, he

rose and sallied forth in search of furnished lodgings. After some inquiry, he met with a commodious set, in a pleasant airy situation, for which he agreed. He then drove to Amelia, and found her and her children neat and clean, and as well drest as their poor wardrobe would admit. He embraced them with the utmost affection, and rejoiced Amelia's heart with a favourable account of her husband. He then told them to prepare for a ride with him. The children were overjoyed at the proposal, and they accompanied him down to the coach in high spirits. Amelia scarcely knew what to think or expect. They drove first to a warehouse for ready-made linen, where the captain made Amelia furnish herself with a complete set of every thing necessary for present use for the children and herself, not forgetting some shirts for her husband. Thence they went

to a clothes' shop, where the little boy was supplied with a jacket and trowsers, a hat and great coat, and the girl with another great coat and a bonnet—both were made as happy as happy could be. They were next all furnished with new shoes. In short they had not proceeded far, before the mother and three children were all in complete new habiliments, decent but not fine; while the old ones were all tied up in a great bundle, and destined for some family still poorer than they had been.

The captain then drove to the lodgings he had taken, and which he had directed to be put in thorough order. He led Amelia up stairs, who knew not whither she was going. He brought her into a handsome parlour, and seated her in a chair. This, my dear, said he, is your house. I hope you will let me now and then come and see you in it. Amelia turned pale, and could not

speak. At length a flood of tears came to her relief, and she suddenly threw herself at her uncle's feet, and poured out thanks and blessings in a broken voice. He raised her, and kindly kissing her and her children, slipped a purse of gold into her hand, and hurried down stairs.

He next went to the hospital, and found Mr. Bland sitting up in bed, and taking some food with apparent pleasure. He sat down by him. "God bless you! Sir (said Bland), I see now it is all a reality, and not a dream. Your figure has been haunting me all night, and I have scarcely been able to satisfy myself whether I had really seen and spoke to you, or whether it was a fit of delirium. Yet my spirits have been lightened, and I have now been eating with a relish I have not experienced for many days past. But may I ask how is my poor Amelia and

my little ones?" "They are well and happy, my good friend (said the captain), and I hope you will soon be so along with them." The apothecary came up, and felt his patient's pulse. "You are a lucky doctor indeed, Sir (said he to captain Cornish), you have cured the poor man of his fever. His pulse is as calm as my own." The captain consulted him about the safety of removing him; and the apothecary thought that there would be no hazard in doing it that very day. The captain waited the arrival of the physician, who confirmed the same opinion. A sedan chair was procured, and full directions being obtained for the future treatment, with the physician's promise to look after him, the captain walked before the chair, to the new lodgings. On the knock at the door, Amelia looked out of window, and seeing the chair, ran down, and met her uncle

and husband in the passage. The poor man, not knowing where he was, and gazing wildly around him, was carried up stairs and placed upon a good bed, while his wife and children assembled round it. A glass of wine brought by the people of the house restored him to his recollection, when a most tender scene ensued, which the uncle closed as soon as he could, for fear of too much agitating the yet feeble organs of the sick man.

By Amelia's constant attention, assisted by proper help, Mr. Bland shortly recovered; and the whole family lost their sickly emaciated appearance, and became healthy and happy. The kind uncle was never long absent from them, and was always received with looks of pleasure and gratitude that penetrated his very soul. He obtained for Mr. Bland a good situation in the exercise of his profession, and took Amelia and

her children into his special care. As to his other nieces, though he did not entirely break off his connexion with them, but, on the contrary, showed them occasional marks of the kindness of a relation, yet he could never look upon them with true cordiality. And as they had so well kept their promise to their father of never treating Amelia as a sister, while in her afflicted state, he took care not to tempt them to break it, now she was in a favoured and prosperous condition.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

Master. Now, villain! what have you to say for this second attempt to run away? Is there any punishment that you do not deserve?

Slave. I well know that nothing I can say will avail. I submit to my fate.

M. But are you not a base fellow, a hardened and ungrateful rascal?

S. I am a *slave*. That is answer enough.

M. I am not content with that answer. I thought I discerned in you some tokens of a mind superior to your condition. I treated you accordingly. You have been comfortably fed and lodged, not overworked, and attended with the most humane care when you were sick. And is this the return?

S. Since you condescend to talk with me as man to man, I will reply. What have you done—what can you do for me, that will compensate for the liberty which you have taken away?

M. I did not take it away. You were a slave when I fairly purchased you.

S. Did I give my consent to the purchase?

M. You had no consent to give. You had already lost the right of disposing of yourself.

S. I had lost the *power*; but how the *right?* I was treacherously kidnapped in my own country, when following an honest occupation. I was put into chains, sold to one of your countrymen, carried by force on board his ship, brought hither and exposed to sale like a beast in the market, where you bought me. What step in this progress of violence and injustice can give a *right?* Was it in the villain who stole me, in the slave-merchant who tempted him to do so, or in you who encouraged the slave-merchant to bring his cargo of human cattle to cultivate your lands?

M. It is in the order of Providence that one man should become subservient to another. It ever has been so, and ever will be. I found the custom, and did not make it.

S. You cannot but be sensible that the robber who puts a pistol to your breast may make just the same plea. Providence gives him a power over your life and property; it gave my enemies a power over my liberty. But it has also given me legs to escape with; and what should prevent me from using them? Nay, what should restrain me from retaliating the wrongs I have suffered, if a favourable occasion should offer?

M. Gratitude, I repeat—gratitude! Have I not endeavoured ever since I possessed you to alleviate your misfortunes by a kind treatment, and does that confer no obligation? Consider how much worse your condition might have been under another master?

S. You have done nothing for me more than for your working cattle. Are they not well fed and tended? do you work them harder than your slaves? is not the rule of treating both

only your own advantage? You treat both your men and beast slaves better than some of your neighbours, because you are more prudent and wealthy than they.

M. You might add, more *humane* too.

S. Humane! does it deserve that appellation to keep your fellow men in forced subjection, deprived of all exercise of their free will, liable to all the injuries that your own caprice, or the brutality of your overseers, may heap on them, and devoted, soul and body, only to your pleasure and emolument? Can gratitude take place beween creatures in such a state, and the tyrant who holds them in it? Look at these limbs —are they not those of a man? think that I have the spirit of a man, too.

M. But it was my intention not only to make your life tolerably comfort-

able at present, but to provide for you in your old age.

S. Alas! is a life like mine, torn from country, friends, and all I held dear, and compelled to toil under the burning sun for a master, worth thinking about for old age? No—the sooner it ends, the sooner I shall obtain that relief for which my soul pants.

M. Is it impossible, then, to hold you by any ties but those of constraint and severity?

S. It is impossible to make one who has felt the value of freedom, acquiesce in being a slave.

M. Suppose I were to restore you to your liberty, would you reckon that a favour?

S. The greatest; for although it would be only undoing a wrong, I know too well how few among mankind are capable of sacrificing interest

to justice, not to prize the exertion when it is made.

M. I do it then;—be free.

S. Now I am indeed your servant, though not your slave. And as the first return I can make for your kindness, I will tell you freely the condition in which you live. You are surrounded with implacable foes, who long for a safe opportunity to revenge upon you and the other planters all the miseries they have endured. The more generous their natures, the more indignant they feel against the cruel injustice which has dragged them hither, and doomed them to perpetual servitude. You can rely on no kindness on your parts to soften the obduracy of their resentment. You have reduced them to the state of brute beasts, and if they have not the stupidity of beasts of burthen, they must have the ferocity of beasts of prey. Superior force alone can give

you security. As soon as that fails, you are at the mercy of the merciless. Such is the social bond between *master* and *slave.*

EARTH AND HER CHILDREN.

In a certain district of the globe, things one year went on so ill, that almost the whole race of living beings, animals and vegetables, carried their lamentations and complaints to their common mother *the Earth.*

First came *Man.* "O Earth (said he), how can you behold unmoved the intolerable calamities of your favourite offspring! Heaven shuts up all the sources of its benignity to us, and showers plagues and pestilence on our heads —storms tear to pieces all the works of human labour—the elements of fire and water seem let loose to devour us,

—and in the midst of all these evils some demon possesses us with a rage of worrying and destroying one another; so that the whole species seems doomed to perish. O, intercede in our behalf, or else receive us again into your maternal womb, and hide us from the sight of these accumulated distresses."

The other animals then spoke by their deputies, the horse, the ox, and the sheep. "O pity, mother Earth, those of your children that repose on your breast, and derive their subsistence from your foodful bosom! We are parched with drought, we are scorched by lightning, we are beaten by pitiless tempests, salubrious vegetables refuse to nourish us, we languish under disease, and the race of men treat us with unusual rigour. Never, without speedy succour, can we survive to another year."

The vegetables next, those that form

the verdant carpet of the earth, that cover the waving fields of harvest, and that spread their lofty branches in the air, sent forth their complaint. "O, our general mother, to whose breast we cleave, and whose vital juices we drain, have compassion upon us! See how we wither and droop under the baleful gales that sweep over us—how we thirst in vain for the gentle dew of Heaven—how immense tribes of noxious insects pierce and devour us—how the famishing flocks and herds tear us up by the roots—and how men, through mutual spite, lay waste and destroy us while yet immature. Already whole nations of us are desolated, and unless you save us, another year will witness our total destruction."

"My children (said Earth), I have now existed some thousand years; and scarcely one of them has passed in which similar complaints have not risen from

one quarter or another. Nevertheless every thing has remained in nearly the same state, and no species of created beings has been finally lost. The injuries of one year are repaired by the succeeding. The growing vegetables may be blasted, but the seeds of others lie secure in my bosom, ready to receive the vital influence of more favourable seasons. Animals may be thinned by want and disease, but a remnant is always left, in whom survive the principle of future increase. As to man, who suffers not only from natural causes, but from the effects of his own follies and vices, his miseries rouse within him the latent powers of remedy, and bring him to his reason again; while experience continually goes along with him to improve his means of happiness, if he will but listen to its dictates. Have patience, then, my children! You were born to suffer, as well as to enjoy, and you must submit

to your lot. But console yourselves with the thought that you have a kind Master above, who created you for benevolent purposes, and will not withhold his protection when you stand most in need of it."

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

PROVIDENCE;

OR,

THE SHIPWRECK.

It was a dreadful storm. The wind blowing full on the sea-shore rolled tremendous waves on the beach, while the half sunk rocks at the entrance of the bay were enveloped in a mist of white foam. A ship appeared in the offing, driving impetuously under her bare poles to land; now tilting aloft on the surging waves, now plunging into the intervening hollows. Presently she rushed among the rocks and there struck, the billows beating over her deck, and climbing up her shattered rigging. "Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed

an ancient solitary, as he viewed from a cliff the dismal scene. It was in vain. The ship fell on her side, and was seen no more.

Soon, however, a small dark object appeared coming from the rocks towards the shore; at first dimly descried through the foam, then quite plain as it rode on the summit of a wave, then for a time totally lost. It approached, and showed itself to be a boat with men in it rowing for their lives. The solitary hastened down to the beach, and in all the agonizing vicissitudes of hope and fear watched its advance. At length, after the most imminent hazards, the boat was thrown violently on the shore, and the dripping half dead mariners crawled out to the dry land.

"Heaven be praised!" cried the solitary, "what a providential escape!" And he led the poor men to his cell, where, kindling a good fire, and bring-

ing out his little store of provisions, he restored them to health and spirits. "And are you six men the only ones saved?" said he. "That we are," answered one of them. "Threescore and fifteen men, women, and children, were in the ship when she struck. You may think what a clamour and confusion there was: women clinging to their husbands' necks, and children hanging about their clothes, all shrieking, crying and praying! There was no time to be lost. We got out the small boat in a twinkling; jumped in, without staying for our captain, who was fool enough to be minding the passengers; cut the rope, and pushed away just time enough to be clear of the ship as she went down: and here we are, all alive and merry!" An oath concluded his speech. The solitary was shocked, and could not help secretly wishing that it had pleased Providence to have saved some of the

innocent passengers, rather than these reprobates.

The sailors having got what they could, departed, scarcely thanking their benefactor, and marched up the country. Night came on. They descried a light at some distance, and made up to it. It proceeded from the window of a good-looking house, surrounded with a farm-yard and garden. They knocked at the door, and in a supplicating tone made known their distress, and begged relief. They were admitted, and treated with compassion and hospitality. In the house were the mistress, her children, and women servants, an old man and a boy: the master was abroad. The sailors, sitting round the kitchen fire, whispered to each other that here was an opportunity of making a booty that would amply compensate for the loss of clothes and wages. They settled their plan; and on the old man's com-

ing with logs to the fire, one of them broke his skull with the poker, and laid him dead. Another took up a knife which had been brought with the loaf and cheese, and running after the boy, who was making his escape out of the house, stabbed him to the heart. The rest locked the doors, and after tying all the women and children, began to ransack the house. One of the children continuing to make loud exclamations, a fellow went and strangled it. They had nearly finished packing up such of the most valuable things as they could carry off, when the master of the house came home. He was a smuggler as well as a farmer, and had just returned from an expedition, leaving his companions with their goods at a neighbouring public-house. Surprised at finding the doors locked, and at seeing lights moving about in the chambers, he suspected somewhat

amiss; and, upon listening, he heard strange voices, and saw some of the sailors through the windows. He hastened back to his companions, and brought them with him just as the robbers opened the door and were coming out with their pillage, having first set fire to the house in order to conceal what they had done. The smuggler and his friends let fly their blunderbusses in the midst of them, and then rushing forwards, seized the survivors and secured them. Perceiving flames in the house, they ran and extinguished them. The villains were next day led to prison amidst the curses of the neighbourhood.

The good solitary, on hearing of the event, at first exclaimed, "What a wonderful interference of Providence to punish guilt and protect innocence!" Pausing a while, he added, "Yet had Providence thought fit to have drowned these sailors in their passage from

the ship, where they left so many better people to perish, the lives of three innocent persons would have been saved, and these wretches would have died without such accumulated guilt and ignominy. On the other hand, had the master of the house been at home, instead of following a lawless and desperate trade, he would perhaps have perished with all his family, and the villains have escaped with their booty. What am I to think of all this!" Thus pensive and perplexed he laid him down to rest, and, after some time spent in gloomy reflections, fell asleep.

In his dream he fancied himself seated on the top of a high mountain, where he was accosted by a venerable figure in long white garments, who asked him the cause of the melancholy expressed on his countenance. "It is," said he, "because I am unable to reconcile the decrees of Providence with my ideas

of wisdom and justice." "That," replied the stranger, "is probably because thy notions of Providence are narrow and erroneous. Thou seekest it in *particular events*, and dost not raise thy survey to the *great whole*. Every occurrence in the universe is *providential*, because it is the consequence of those laws which divine wisdom has established as most productive of the general good. But to select individual facts as more directed by the hand of Providence than others, because we think we see a particular good purpose answered by them, is an infallible inlet to error and superstition. Follow me to the edge of the cliff. He seemed to follow.

"Now look down," said the stranger, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," replied the solitary, "a hawk darting amidst a flock of small birds, one of which he has caught, while the others escape." "And canst thou think," re-

joined the stranger, "that the single bird made a prey of by the hawk, lies under any particular doom of Providence, or that those who fly away are more the objects of divine favour than it? Hawks by nature were made to feed upon living prey, and were endowed with strength and swiftness to enable them to overtake and master it. Thus life is sacrificed to the support of life. But to this destruction limits are set. The small birds are much more numerous and prolific than the birds of prey; and though they cannot resist his force, they have dexterity and nimbleness of flight sufficient in general to elude his pursuit. It is in this *balance* that the wisdom of Providence is seen; and what can be a greater proof of it, than that both species, the destroyer and his prey, have subsisted together from their first creation? Now look again, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said the solitary, "a thick

black cloud gathering in the sky. I hear the thunder rolling from side to side of the vault of heaven. I behold the red lightning darting from the bosom of darkness. Now it has fallen on a stately tree and shattered it to pieces, striking to the ground an ox sheltered at its foot. Now it falls again in the midst of a flock of timorous sheep, and several of them are left on the plain;—and see! the shepherd himself lies extended by their side. Now it strikes a lofty spire, and at the same time sets in a blaze an humble cottage beneath. It is an awful and terrible sight!"

"It is so," returned the stranger, "but what dost thou conclude from it? Dost thou not know, that from the genial heat which gives life to plants and animals, and ripens the fruits of the earth, proceeds this electrical fire, which ascending to the clouds, and charging them beyond what they are able to contain, is launched again in burning bolts

to the earth? Must it leave its direct course to strike the tree rather than the dome of worship, or to spend its fury on the herd rather than the herdsman! Millions of millions of living creatures have owed their birth to this active element; and shall we think it strange if a few meet their deaths from it? Thus the mountain torrent that rushes down to fertilize the plain, in its course may sweep away the works of human industry, and man himself with them; but could its benefits be purchased at another price?"

"All this," said the solitary, "I tolerably comprehend; but may I presume to ask whence have proceeded the *moral evils* of the painful scenes of yesterday? What good end is answered by making man the scourge of man, and preserving the guilty at the cost of the innocent!"

"That, too," replied the venera-

ble stranger, "is a consequence of the same wise laws of Providence. If it was right to make man a creature of habit, and render those things easy to him with which he is most familiar, the sailor, of course, must be better able to shift for himself in a shipwreck than the passenger; while that self-love which is essential to the preservation of life must, in general, cause him to consult his own safety preferably to that of others. The same force of habit in a way of life full of peril and hardship, must conduce to form a rough, bold, and unfeeling character. This, under the direction of principle, will make a brave man; without it, a robber and a murderer. In the latter case, human laws step in to remove the evil, which they have not been able to prevent. Wickedness meets with the fate which sooner or later always await it; and innocence,

though occasionally a sufferer, is proved in the end to be the surest path to happiness."

"But," resumed the solitary, "can it be said that the lot of innocence is *always* preferable to that of guilt in this world?"

"If it cannot," replied the other, "thinkest thou that the Almighty is unable to make retribution in a future world? Dismiss then from thy mind the care of *single events*, secure that the *great whole* is ordered for the best. Expect not a particular interposition of Heaven, because such an interposition would seem to thee seasonable. Thou, perhaps, wouldest stop the vast machine of the universe to save a fly from being crushed under its wheels. But innumerable flies and men are crushed every day, yet the grand motion goes on, and will go on, to fulfil the benevolent intentions of its Author."

He ceased, and sleep on a sudden left the eyelids of the solitary. He looked abroad from his cell, and beheld all nature smiling around him. The rising sun shone in a clear sky. Birds were sporting in the air, and fish glancing on the surface of the waters. Fleets were pursuing their steady course, gently wafted by the pleasant breeze. Light fleecy clouds were sailing over the blue expanse of Heaven. His soul sympathized with the scene, and peace and joy filled his bosom.

ENVY AND EMULATION.

At one of the celebrated schools of painting in Italy, a young man named Guidotto produced a piece so excellent, that it was the admiration of the masters in the art, who all de-

clared it to be their opinion that he could not fail of rising to the summit of his profession, should he proceed as he had begun.

This performance was looked upon with very different eyes by two of his fellow-scholars. Brunello, the elder of them, who had himself acquired some reputation in his studies, was mortified in the highest degree at this superiority of Guidotto; and regarding all the honour his rival had acquired as so much taken from himself, he conceived the most rancorous dislike of him, and longed for nothing so much as to see him lose the credit he had gained. Afraid openly to decry the merit of a work which had obtained the approbation of the best judges, he threw out secret insinuations that Guidotto had been assisted in it by one or other of his masters; and he affected to represent it as a sort of lucky hit,

which the reputed author would never equal.

Not so Lorenzo. Though a very young proficient in the art, he comprehended in its full extent the excellence of Guidotto's performances, and became one of the sincerest of his admirers. Fired with the praises he saw him receive on all sides, he ardently longed one day to deserve the like. He placed him before his eyes as a fair model which it was his highest ambition to arrive at equalling—for as to excelling him, he could not as yet conceive the possibility of it. He never spoke of him but with rapture, and could not bear to hear the detractions of Brunello.

But Lorenzo did not content himself with words. He entered with his whole soul into the career of improvement—was first and last of all the scholars in the designing room—and devoted to practise at home those hours

which the other youths passed in amusement. It was long before he could please himself with any of the attempts, and he was continually repeating over them, "Alas! how far distant is this from Guidotto's!" At length, however, he had the satisfaction of becoming sensible of progress; and having received considerable applause on account of one of his performances, he ventured to say to himself, "And why may not I too become a Guidotto?"

Meanwhile, Guidotto continued to bear away the palm from all competitors. Brunello struggled awhile to contest with him, but at length gave up the point, and consoled himself under his inferiority by ill-natured sarcasm and petulant criticism. Lorenzo worked away in silence, and it was long before his modesty would suffer him to place any piece of his in

view at the same time with one of Guidotto's.

There was a certain day in the year in which it was customary for all the scholars to exhibit their best performance in a public hall, where their merit was solemnly judged by a number of select examiners, and a prize of value was awarded to the most excellent. Guidotto had prepared for this anniversary with a piece which was to excel all he had before executed. He had just finished it on the evening before the exhibition, and nothing remained but to heighten the colouring by means of a transparent varnish. The malignant Brunello contrived artfully to convey into the phial containing this varnish some drops of a caustic preparation, the effect of which would be entirely to destroy the beauty and splendour of the piece. Guidotto laid it on by candle-light, and then with great

satisfaction hung up his picture in the public room against the morrow.

Lorenzo, too, with beating heart, had prepared himself for the day. With vast application he had finished a piece which he humbly hoped might appear not greatly inferior to some of Guidotto's earlier performances.

The important day was now arrived. The company assembled, and were introduced into the great room, where the light had just been fully admitted by drawing up a curtain. All went up with raised expectations to Guidotto's picture, when, behold! instead of the brilliant beauty they had conceived, there was nothing but a dead surface of confused and blotched colours. "Surely (they cried) this cannot be Guidotto's!" The unfortunate youth himself came up, and in beholding the dismal change of his favourite piece, burst out into an agony of grief, and exclaimed that he

was betrayed and undone. The vile Brunello in a corner was enjoying his distress. But Lorenzo was little less affected than Guidotto himself. "Trick! knavery!" he cried. "Indeed, gentlemen, this is not Guidotto's work. I saw it when only half finished, and it was a most charming performance. Look at the outline, and judge what it must have been before it was so basely injured."

The spectators were all struck with Lorenzo's generous warmth, and sympathised in the disgrace of Guidotto; but it was impossible to adjudge the prize to his picture in the state in which they beheld it. They examined all the others attentively, and that of Lorenzo, till then an unknown artist to them, gained a great majority of suffrages. The prize was therefore awarded to him; but Lorenzo, on receiving it, went up to Guidotto, and presenting it to him, said,

"Take what merit would undoubtedly have acquired for you, had not the basest malice and envy defrauded you of it. To me it is honour enough to be accounted your second. If hereafter I may aspire to equal you, it shall be by means of fair competition, not by the aid of treachery."

Lorenzo's nobleness of conduct excited the warmest encomiums among the judges, who at length determined, that for this time there should be two equal prizes distributed; for that if Guidotto had deserved the prize of painting, Lorenzo was entitled to that of virtue.

THE HOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A DEBATE once arose among the animals in a farm yard, which of them was most valued by their common master. After the horse, the ox, the cow,

the sheep, and the dog, had stated their several pretensions, the hog took up the discourse.

"It is plain (said he) that the greatest value must be set upon that animal which is kept most for his own sake, without expecting from him any return of use and service. Now which of you can boast so much in that respect as I can?

"As for you, Horse, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have servants to attend upon you and make you sleek and clean, yet all this is for the sake of your labour. Do not I see you taken out early every morning, put in chains, or fastened to the shafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back till noon; when, after a short respite, you are taken to work again till late in the evening? I may say just the same to the Ox, except that he works for poorer fare.

"For you, Mrs. Cow, who are so dainty over your chopped straw and grains, you are thought worth keeping only for your milk, which is drained from you twice a day to the last drop, while your poor young ones are taken from you, and sent I know not whither.

"You, poor innocent Sheep, who are turned out to shift for yourselves upon the bare hills, or penned upon the fallows with now and then a withered turnip or some musty hay, you pay dearly enough for your keep by resigning your warm coat every year, for want of which you are liable to be starved to death on some of the cold nights before summer.

"As for the dog, who prides himself so much on being admitted to our master's table, and made his companion, that he will scarce condescend to reckon himself one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a do-

mestic servant by day, and to keep watch during the night, while we are quietly asleep.

"In short you are all of you creatures maintained for use—poor subservient things, made to be enslaved or pillaged. I, on the contrary, have a warm sty and plenty of provisions all at free cost. I have nothing to do but grow fat and follow my amusement; and my master is best pleased when he sees me lying at ease in the sun, or filling my belly.

Thus argued the Hog, and put the rest to silence by so much logic and rhetoric. This was not long before winter set in. It proved a very scarce season for fodder of all kinds; so that the farmer began to consider how he was to maintain all his live stock till spring. "It will be impossible for me (thought he) to keep them all; I must therefore part with those I can best spare.' As

for my horses and working oxen, I shall have business enough to employ them; they must be kept, cost what it will. My cows will not give me much milk in the winter, but they will calve in the spring, and be ready for the new grass. I must not lose the profit of my dairy. The sheep, poor things, will take care of themselves as long as there is a bite upon the hills; and if deep snow comes, we must do with them as well as we can by the help of a few turnips and some hay, for I must have their wool at shearing-time, to make out my rent with. But my hogs will eat me out of house and home, without doing me any good. They must go to pot, that's certain; and the sooner I get rid of the fat ones, the better."

So saying, he singled out the *orator* as one of the prime among them, and sent him to the butcher the very next day.

THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

THE populous kingdom of Ava, in India beyond the Ganges, was once inherited by a minor prince, who was brought up in the luxurious indolence of an eastern palace. When he had reached the age of seventeen, which, by the laws of that country, was the period of majority for the crown, all the great men of his court, and the governors of the provinces, according to established custom, laid at his feet presents consisting of the most costly products of art and nature that they had been able to procure. One offered a casket of the most precious jewels of Golconda; another a curious piece of clockwork made by an European artist; another, a piece of the richest silk from

the looms of China; another, a bezoar stone said to be a sovereign antidote against all poisons and infectious diseases; another, a choice piece of the most fragrant rose-wood, in a box of ebony inlayed with pearls; another, a golden cruse full of genuine balsam of Mecca; another, a courser of the purest breed of Arabia; and another, a female slave of exquisite beauty. The whole court of the palace was overspread with rarities; and long rows of slaves were continually passing loaded with vessels and utensils of gold and silver and other articles of high price.

At length an aged magistrate from a distant province made his appearance. He was simply clad in a long cotton robe, and his hoary beard waved on his breast. He made his obeisance before the young monarch, and holding forth an embroidered silken bag, he thus addressed him:

"Deign, great king, to accept the faithful homage and fervent good wishes of thy servant on this important day, and with them, the small present I hold in my hand. Small, indeed, it is in show, but not so, I trust in value. Others have offered what may decorate thy person—here is what will impart perpetual grace and lustre to thy features. Others have presented thee with rich perfumes—here is what will make thy name sweet and fragrant to the latest ages. Others have given what may afford pleasure to thine eyes—here is what will nourish a source of never-failing pleasure within thy breast.—Others have furnished thee with preservatives against bodily contagion—here is what will preserve thy better parts uncontaminated. Others have heaped round thee the riches of a temporal kingdom—this will secure thee the treasures of an eternal one."

He said, and drew from the purse a book, containing *the moral Precepts of the sage Zendar*, the wisest and most virtuous man the East had ever beheld. "If" (he proceeded) "my gracious sovereign will condescend to make this his constant companion, not an hour can pass in which its perusal may not be a comfort and a blessing. In the arduous duties of thy station it will prove a faithful guide and counsellor. Amidst the allurements of pleasure and the incitements of passion, it will be an incorruptible monitor, that will never suffer thee to err without warning thee of thy error. It will render thee a blessing to thy people, and blessed in thyself; for what sovereign can be the one without the other?"

He then returned the book to its place, and kneeling, gave it into the hands of the king. He received it

with respect and benignity, and history affirms that the use he made of it corresponded with the wishes of the donor.

THIRTIETH EVENING.

A GLOBE LECTURE.

Papa—Lucy.

Papa. You may remember, Lucy, that I talked to you some time ago about the earth's motion round the sun.

Lucy. Yes, papa; and you said you would tell me another time somewhat about the other planets.

P. I mean some day to take you to the lecture of an ingenious philosopher who has contrived a machine that will give you a better notion of these things in an hour, than I could by mere talking in a week. But it is now my intention to make you better acquainted with this globe which we inhabit, and which,

indeed, is the most important to us. Cast your eyes upon this little ball. You see it is a representation of the earth, being covered with a painted map of the world. This map is crossed with lines in various directions; but all you have to observe relative to what I am going to talk about, is the great line across the middle, called the *equator*, or *equinoctial line*, and the two points at top and bottom called the *poles*, of which the uppermost is the northern, the lowermost the southern.

L. I see them.

P. Now, the sun, which illuminates all the parts of this globe by turns as they roll round before it, shines directly upon the equator, but darts its rays aslant towards the poles; and this is the cause of the great heat perceived in the middle regions of the earth, and of its gradual diminution as you proceed from them on either side towards the

extremities. To use a vulgar illustration, it is like a piece of meat roasting before a fire, the middle part of which is liable to be overdone, while the two ends are raw.

L. I can comprehend that.

P. From this simple circumstance some of the greatest differences on the surface of the earth, with respect to man, other animals, and vegetables, proceed; for heat is the great principle of life and vegetation; and where it most prevails, provided it be accompanied with due moisture, nature is most replenished with all sorts of living and growing things. In general, then, the countries lying on each side about the equator, and forming a broad belt round the globe, called the *tropics*, or *torrid zone*, are rich and exuberant in their products to a degree much superior to what we see in our climates. Trees and other plants shoot to a vast size, and are clothed in per-

petual verdure, and loaded with flowers of the gayest colours and sweetest fragrance, succeeded by fruits of high flavour or abundant nutriment. The insect tribe is multiplied so as to fill all the air, and many of them astonish by their size and extraordinary forms, and the splendour of their hues. The ground is all alive with reptiles, some harmless, some armed with deadly poisons.

L. O, but I should not like that at all.

P. The birds, however, decked in the gayest plumage conceivable, must give unmixed delight; and a tropical forest, filled with parrots, mackaws, and peacocks, and enlivened with the gambols of monkeys and other nimble quadrupeds, must be a very amusing spectacle. The largest of quadrupeds, too, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, are natives of these regions; and not only these sublime

and harmless animals, but the terrible lion, the cruel tiger, and all the most ravenous beasts of prey, are here found in their greatest bulk and fierceness.

L. That would be worse than the insects and reptiles.

P. The sea likewise is filled with inhabitants of an immense variety of size and figure; not only fishes, but tortoises, and all the shelly tribes. The shores are spread with shells of a beauty unknown to our coasts; for it would seem as if the influence of the solar heat penetrated into the farthest recesses of nature.

L. How I should like to ramble on the sea-side there!

P. But the elements, too, are there upon a grand and terrific scale. The sky either blazes with intolerable beams, or pours down rain in irresistible torrents. The winds swell to furious hurricanes, which often desolate the whole face of nature in a day.

Earthquakes rock the ground, and sometimes open it in chasms, which swallow up entire cities. Storms raise the waves of the ocean into mountains, and drive them in a deluge to the land.

L. Ah! that would spoil my shell-gathering. These countries may be very fine, but I don't like them.

P. Well then—we will turn from them to the *temperate* regions. You will observe on looking at the map, that these chiefly lie on the northern side of the tropics; for on the southern side, the space is almost wholly occupied by sea. Though geographers have drawn a boundary line between the torrid and temperate zones, yet nature has made none; and for a considerable space on the borders, the diminution of heat is so gradual as to produce little difference in the appearance of nature. But, in general, the

temperate *zones* or *belts* form the most desirable districts on the face of the earth. Their products are extremely various, and abound in beauty and utility. Corn, wine, and oil, are among their vegetable stores: the horse, the ox, and the sheep, graze their verdant pastures. Their seasons have the pleasing vicissitudes of summer and winter, spring and autumn. Though in some parts they are subject to excess of heat, and in others of cold, yet they deserve the general praise of a mild temperature compared to the rest of the globe.

L. They are the countries for me, then.

P. You *do* live in one of them, though our island is situated so far to the north, that it ranks rather among the cold countries than the warm ones. However, we have the good fortune to be a long way removed from those dreary and comfortless

tracts of the globe which lie about the poles, and are called the *frigid zones.* In these, the cheering influence of the sun gradually becomes extinct, and perpetual frost and snow takes possession of the earth. Trees and plants diminish in number and size, till at length no vegetables are found but some mosses and a few stunted herbs. Land animals are reduced to three or four species; reindeer, white bears, arctic foxes, and snow-birds. The sea, however, as far as it remains free from ice, is all alive with the finny tribe. Enormous whales spout and gambol among the floating ice-islands, and herds of seals pursue the shoals of smaller fish, and harbour in the caverns of the rocky coasts.

L. Then I suppose these creatures have not much to do with the sun.

P. Nature has given them powers of enduring cold beyond those of many other animals; and then the water

is always warmer than the land in cold climates; nay, at a certain depth, it is equally warm in all parts of the globe.

L. Well, but as I cannot go to the bottom of the sea, I desire to have nothing to do with these dismal countries. But do any men live there?

P. It is one of the wonderful things belonging to man, that he is capable of living in all parts of the globe where any other animals live. And as nothing relative to this earth is so important to us as the condition of human creatures in it, suppose we take a general survey of the different races of men who inhabit all the tracts we have been speaking of?

L. Blacks, and whites, and all colours?

P. Surely. If a black dog is as much a dog as a white one, why should not a black man be as much a man? I know nothing that colour has to do

with mind. Well then—to go back to the equator. The middle or tropical girdle of the earth, which by the ancients was concluded to be uninhabitable from its extreme heat, has been found by modern discoveries to be as well filled with men as it is with other living creatures. And no wonder; for life is maintained here at less cost than elsewhere. Clothes and fuel are scarcely at all necessary. A shed of bamboo covered with palm leaves serves for a house; and food is almost the spontaneous produce of nature. The bread fruit, the cocoa, the banana, and the plaintain, offer their stores freely to the gatherer; and if he takes the additional pains to plant a few yams, or sow a little Indian corn, he is furnished with never-failing plenty. Hence the inhabitants of many tropical countries live nearly in what is called a state of nature, without care or labour, using the gifts of Providence

like the animals around them. The naked Indian, stretched at ease under the shade of a lofty tree, passes his hours in indolent repose, unless roused to temtorary exertion by the passion of the chace, or the love of dancing and other social sports.

L. Well—that would be a charming life!

P. So the poet Thomson seemed to think, when he burst out into a rapturous description of the beauties and pleasures afforded by these favoured regions. Perhaps you can remember some of his lines.

L. I will try.

——Thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettoes lift their grateful shade.
O, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its fresh'ning wine!

P. Delightful! Think, however, at what price they purchase this indolent enjoyment of life. In the first place, all the work that is done is thrown upon the women, who are always most tyrannized over, the nearer a people approach to a state of nature.

L. Oh horrible! I am glad I do not live there.

P. Then the mind not having that spur to exertion which necessity alone can give, moulders in inaction, and becomes incapable of those advances in knowledge and vigour which raise and dignify the human character.

L. But that is the same with lazy people every where.

P. True. The excessive heat, however, of these countries, seems of itself to relax the mind, and unfit it for its noblest exertions. And I question if a single instance could be produced of an original inhabitant of the tropics

who has attained to eminence in the higher walks of science. It is their general character to be gay, volatile, and thoughtless, subject to violent passions, but commonly mild and gentle, fond of society and amusements, ingenious in little arts, but incapable of great or long continued efforts. They form a large portion of the human race, and probably not the least happy. You see what vast tracts of lands lie within this division; most of Africa and South America, all the great islands of Asia, and two of its large peninsulas. Of these the Asiatic part is the most populous and civilized; indeed many of its nations are as far removed from a state of nature as we are, and their constitutional indolence has been completely overcome by necessity. The clothing of those who are in a civilized state is mostly made of cotton, which is a natural product of those climates. Their food is chiefly of the ve-

getable kind; and besides the articles already mentioned, consists much of rice.

L. Are the people all black?

P. Yes; entirely or nearly so.

L. I suppose that is owing to the heat of the sun.

P. Undoubtedly; for we find all the shades from jet black to tawny, and at length white, as we proceed from the equator towards the poles. The African negroes, however, from their curled woolly hair, and their flat features have been supposed an originally distinct race of mankind. The East-Indian blacks, though under an equally hot climate, have long flowing hair, and features not different from their fairer neighbours. Almost all these nations are subject to despotic governments. In religion they are mostly pagans, with a mixture of Mahometans.

L. I think we have had enough about these people.

P. Well then--look again on the globe to the northern side of the tropics, and see what a tour we shall take you among the inhabitants of the north temperate zone. Here are all the most famous places on the earth; rich populous countries, renowned at different periods for arts and arms. Here is the greatest part of Asia, a little of Africa, all Europe and North America.

L. I suppose, however, there must be great differences both in the climate and the way of life, in so many countries.

P. Extremely great. The southern parts partake a good deal of the character of the tropical regions. The heat is still excessive, and renders exertion painful; whence the people have in general been reckoned soft, effeminate and voluptuous. Let us, however, look at them a little closer. Here is the mighty empire of China, swarming with people to such a degree,

that, notwithstanding its size and fertility, the inhabitants are obliged to exert the greatest industry to procure the necessaries of life. Nearly in a line with it are the Mogul's Empire, the kingdom of Persia, and the Turkish dominions in Asia; all warm climates, abounding in products of use and beauty, and inhabited by numerous and civilized people. Here stretches out the great peninsula of Arabia, for the most part a dry and desert land, overspread with burning sands, only to be crossed by the patient camel. Wild and ferocious tribes of men wander over it, chiefly subsisted by their herds and flocks, and by the trade of robbery, which they exercise on all travellers that fall in their way. A tract somewhat similar, though in a colder climate, is the vast country of Tartary, stretching like a belt from east to west across the middle of Asia;

over the immense plains and deserts of which, a number of independent tribes continually roam, fixing their moveable habitations in one part or another, according as they afford pasturage to their herds of cattle and horses. These men have for many ages lived in the same simple state, unacquainted as well with the arts as the vices of civilized nations.

L. Well. I think it must be a very pleasant life to ramble about from place to place, and change one's abode according to the season.

P. The Tartars think so; for the worst wish they can find for a man, is that he may live in a house and work like a Russian. Now look at Europe. See what a small figure it makes on the surface of the globe as to size; and yet it has for many ages held the first place in knowledge, activity, civilization, and all the qualities that elevate man among his fellows. For

this it is much indebted to that temperature of climate which calls forth all the faculties of man in order to render life comfortable, yet affords enough of the beauties of nature to warm the heart and exalt the imagination. Men here earn their bread with the sweat of their brow. Nature does not drop her fruits into their mouths, but offers them as the price of labour. Human wants are many. Clothes, food, lodging, are all objects of much care and contrivance, but the human powers fully exerted are equal to the demand; and no where are enjoyments so various and multiplied. What the land does not yield itself, its inhabitants by their active industry procure from the remotest parts of the globe. When we drink tea, we sweeten the infusion of a Chinese herb with the juice of a West Indian cane; and your common dress is composed of materials collected from

the equator to the frigid zone. Europeans render all countries and climates familiar to them; and every where they assume a superiority over the less enlightened or less industrious natives.

L. Then Europe for me, after all. But is not America as good?

P. That part of North America which has been settled by Europeans, is only another Europe in manners and civilization. But the original inhabitants of that extensive country were bold and hardy barbarians, and many of them continue so to this day. So much for the temperate zone, which contains the prime of mankind. They differ extremely, however, in governments, laws, customs, and religions. The Christian religion has the credit of reckoning among its votaries all the civilized people of Europe and America. The Mahometan possesses all the nearer parts of

Asia and the north of Africa, but China, Japan, and most of the circumjacent countries, profess different forms of paganism. The east, in general, is enslaved to despotism; but the nobler west enjoys in most of its states more or less of freedom.

As to the frigid zone, its few inhabitants can but just sustain a life little better than that of the brutes. Their faculties are benumbed by the climate. Their chief employment is the fishery or the chace, by which they procure their food. The tending of herds of reindeer in some parts varies their occupations and diet. They pass their long winters in holes dug under ground, where they doze out most of their time in stupid repose.

L. I wonder any people should stay in such miserable places.

P. Yet none of the inhabitants of the globe seem more attached to their

country and way of life. Nor do they, indeed, want powers to render their situation tolerably comfortable. Their canoes, and fishing and hunting tackle, are made with great ingenuity; and their clothing is admirably adapted to fence against the rigours of cold. They are not without some amusements to cheer the gloom of their condition; but they are abjectly superstitious, and given to fear and melancholy.

L. If I had my choice I would rather go to a warmer than a colder country.

P. Perhaps the warmer countries are pleasanter; but there are few advantages which are not balanced by some inconveniences; and it is the truest wisdom to be contented with our lot, and endeavour to make the best of it. One great lesson, however, I wish you to derive from this *globe-lecture.* You see that no part of

the world is void of our human brethren, who, amidst all the diversities of character and condition, are yet all *men*, filling the station in which their Creator has placed them. We are too apt to look at the differences of mankind, and to undervalue all those who do not agree with us in matters that we think of high importance. But who are we—and what cause have we to think ourselves right, and all others wrong? Can we imagine that hundreds of millions of our species in other parts of the world are left destitute of what is essential to their well-being, while a favoured few like ourselves are the only ones who possess it? Having all a common nature, we must necessarily agree in more things than we differ in. The road to virtue and happiness is alike open to all. The mode of pursuit is various; the end is the same.

THE GAIN OF A LOSS.

PHILANDER possessed a considerable place about the court, which obliged him to live in a style of show and expense. He kept high company, made frequent entertainments, and brought up a family of several daughters in all the luxurious elegance which his situation and prospects seemed to justify. His wife had balls and routs at her own house, and frequented all the places of fashionable amusement. After some years passed in this manner, a sudden change of parties threw Philander out of his employment, and at once ruined all his plans of future advancement. Though his place had been lucrative, the expense it led him into more than compensated the profits, so that, instead of saving any thing he had involved himself considerably in debt.

His creditors, on hearing of the change in his affairs, became so importunate, that in order to satisfy them, he was compelled to sell a moderate paternal estate, in a remote county, reserving nothing out of it but one small farm. Philander had strength of mind sufficient to enable him at once to decide on the best plan to be followed in his present circumstances; instead, therefore, of wasting his time and remaining property in fruitless attempts to interest his town friends in his favour, he sold off his fine furniture, and without delay carried down his whole family to the little spot he could still call his own, where he commenced a life of industry and strict frugality in the capacity of a small farmer. It was long before the female part of his household could accommodate themselves to a mode of living so new to them, and so destitute of all that they

had been accustomed to regard as essential to their very existence. At length, however, mutual affection and natural good sense, and above all, necessity, brought them to acquiesce tolerably in their situation, and to engage in earnest in its duties. Occasional regrets, however, could not but remain; and the silent sigh would tell whither their thoughts were fled.

Philander perceived it, but took care never to embitter their feelings by harsh chidings or untimely admonitions. But on the anniversary of their taking possession of the farm-house, he assembled them under a spreading tree that grew before their little garden, and while the summer's sun gilded all the objects around, he thus addressed them:

"My dear partners in every fortune, if the revolution of a year has had the effect on your mind that it has on mine,

I may congratulate you on our condition. I am now able with a firm tone to ask myself, what have I lost? and I feel so much more to be pleased with than to regret, that the question gives me rather comfort than sorrow. Look at yon splendid luminary, and tell me if its gradual appearance above the horizon on a fine morning, shedding light and joy over the wide creation, be not a grander as well as a more heart-cheering spectacle than that of the most magnificent saloon, illuminated with dazzling lustres. Is not the spirit of the wholesome breeze, fresh from the mountain, and perfumed with wild flowers, infinitely more invigorating to the senses than the air of the crowded drawing room, loaded with scented powder and essences? Did we relish so well the disguised dishes with which a French cook strove to whet our sickly appetites, as we do our draught of new

milk, our home-made loaf, and the other articles of our simple fare? Was our sleep so sweet after midnight suppers and the long vigils of cards, as it is now that early rising and the exercises of the day prepare us for closing our eyes as soon as night has covered every thing with her friendly veil? Shall we complain that our clothes at present only answer the purpose of keeping us warm, when we recollect all the care and pains it cost us to keep pace with the fashion, and the mortification we underwent at being outshone by our superiors in fortune? Did not the vexation of insolent and unfaithful servants overbalance the trouble we now find in waiting on ourselves? We may regret the loss of society; but, alas! what was the society of a crowd of visitors who regarded us merely as the keepers of a place of public resort, and whom we visited with similar sensations? If we

formerly could command leisure to cultivate our minds and acquire polite accomplishments; did we, in reality, apply much leisure to these purposes, and is not our time now filled more to our satisfaction by employments of which we cannot doubt the usefulness, not to say, that the moral virtues we are now called upon to exercise afford the truest cultivation to our minds? What, then, have we lost? In improved health, the charms of a beautiful country, a decent supply of all real wants, and the love and kind offices of each other, do not we still possess enough for worldly happiness? We have lost, indeed, a certain rank and station in life; but have we not acquired another as truly respectable? We are debarred the prospects of future advancement; but if our present condition is a good one, why need we lament that it is likely to be lasting? The next anniversary will

find us more in harmony with our situation than even the present. Look forward then cheerily. The storm is past. We have been shipwrecked, but we have only exchanged a cumbrous vessel for a light pinnace, and we are again on our course. Much of our cargo has been thrown overboard, but no one loses what he does not miss."

Thus saying, Philander tenderly embraced his wife and daughters. The tear stood in their eyes, but consolation beamed on their hearts.

EPILOGUE.

And now, so many *Evenings* past,
Our *Budget's* fairly out at last;
Exhausted all its various store,
Nor like to be replenish'd more.
Then, Youthful friends, farewell! my heart
Shall speak a blessing as we part.
May Wisdom's seeds in every mind
Fit soil and careful culture find;
Each generous plant with vigour shoot,
And kindly ripen into fruit!
Hope of the world, the *rising race*,
May Heav'n with fostering love embrace,
And turning to a whiter page,
Commence with them a *better age!*
An age of light and joy, which we,
Alas! in promise only see.

J. A.

THE END.

T. Bensley and Son,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.